

A WEIGHTY WEDDING.

THE 347 POUND FAT GIRL TREMBLING IN LOVE.

The Tremendous Excitement of a Young Bachelor's Father-How the Fond Lover Melted Under the Glance of the Bride of the Show—Made Happy B. for the Occasion.

From the New York Journal.

"Where is dot subterfuge of boice? I got to see him purty kavick or I got my son lost," excitedly exclaimed a gray haired individual yesterday afternoon, who rushed panting and breathless into the central police office.

"Show me dot subterfuge for I just want to see him as kavick as never was."

"Vat's the madder mid you?" inquired the officer stationed in the hall who speaks German fluently, "don't got excited like dot, mine friend."

"Vat's der madder? Oh weeping Rachel! My son David wot is just eighteen years old is going to get married to dot Bowerly fat woman, and I want to stop der business. If dot boy got married to dot woman, den I just shoot myself."

"Vell, don't got excited here. I give you my word I show you der subterfuge purty kavick," replied the German officer, and he opened the door and ushered him into Secretary Hopper's office. The old gentleman was excited, and puffed and snorted while he wiped the perspiration from his clouded brow with a red handkerchief.

"Mr. Subterfuge," he began as soon as he could catch his breath, "can you do something for me purty soon?"

"What is it you want?" inquired the police secretary.

"I want my son David arrested, so dot he can't get married to dot Bowerly fat woman."

"What is his name?"

"David Moses."

"How old is he?"

"Dot boy is eighteen."

"How old is the fat girl?"

"Only seventeen."

"When do they intend to get married?"

"Wednesday night at 9:30."

"We can't stop them."

"Vat is dot? You can't stop dot marriage and arrest dot boy of mine?"

"No, sir. You will have to go to the museum and forbid the bans yourself, and no minister will dare to marry them."

The old gentleman then left in an agitated state of mind. He said his son had been working in a certain museum, but was not with another concern, where his fair, fat fiancée has been exhibited for the past year. He could not understand this strange infatuation of his son, and informed the reporter that the boy could not be seen for one side of the fat girl, let alone her whole body. When he tried to reason with his son the latter informed him that he wanted to marry the girl as much for the money she earned, \$25 per week, as for the love he felt for her in his youthful breast. The son gave up the butcher business, in which he was engaged with his father, to go into the Bowerly Museum, where he earned \$5 a week.

Bernard Moses, his father, is a well-to-do butcher, residing at Allen and Rivington streets, and is determined to prevent the marriage taking place.

A reporter of the Journal who called at the museum yesterday afternoon, but was not admitted to the establishment, where he discovered the fat object of young Moses's affections seated in a chair on a raised platform, while the manager was fitting a wedding ring to her finger. It appeared to be a very trifling task. Her intended husband sat at her feet on the platform with flushed face. Now and then he threw glances of admiration upon her fat cheeks. The fat girl, the adored one, was attired in the height of Bowerly fashion in a cardinal red dress, cut low at the neck and without sleeves. A No. 11 slipper partially covered her Chicago foot, and her raven tresses were banded over her forehead in bewitching profusion. She has lived sixteen summers, and is as coy and coquettish as all young girls of her age.

"Yes," said the manager, "the young people are to be married Wednesday night at 9:30, on the stage in front of the audience. Zouline, the Circassian, will act as bridesmaid. I will give the bride away, and the ceremony will be performed by a Presbyterian minister. After the ceremony the young couple will hold a reception here and a ball will follow. On Monday they will leave for Coney Island, where they will spend a week's honeymoon."

"But the father of the young man intends to prevent the marriage."

"Father or no father, the marriage will take place. I don't intend to let the old man into the museum until after the ceremony has been performed, and then he can do what he likes. Let me tell you, the fat girl is a beauty."

Fragile Blanche smiled coyly, tossed her head and broke into a hearty laugh that shook her sides and the platform.

"Oh yes," said the manager, "I am to be married Wednesday night, but I feel very nervous about it. You will excuse me, I know, if I hesitate and seem somewhat embarrassed, for I am all of a tremble."

This was literally true, for she shook like a barrel of jelly.

"I have known David for nearly a year," she continued, "but never thought that I should marry him. I always thought that, until quite recently, up to Sunday night I may say, my liking had not ripened into love. He has often taken me out evenings and treated me to ice cream and oysters, but I fear that it has been very foolish of him, poor boy. I must have loved, of course, but there is another consideration that has influenced me, and that is, that I need some one to care for me, attend me, and generally I have tried to find a girl that would do this, but failed, and so at the last moment have decided to marry him. Yes, David loves me, and I think we shall live happily, but I have a bigger man, that is all, for if I should happen to fail I would kill him. I shall dance at the ball and can wait very lightly, although I weigh five hundred and seventeen pounds. I should not have thought of marrying, but my parents are both dead and I have no brother or sisters to look after me."

Blanche has long been known among the dime museum patrons. She was born in Detroit and has been in the business of her life. Her intended husband, David Moses, is of Ashland, eighteen years old, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The marriage ceremony, which was a wedding in the New York museum, at 210 Bowery, tonight, was the signal for a general merrymaking there. Great lots of many colors, and flags and bunting of the brightest hues commingled to dazzle the eyes of all spectators. The dimes danced merrily as they rattled down the heavy glass plate at the ticket window, and everything seemed to be in a state of confusion. Small boys jostled against each other in the eager attempts to enter the crowded building, and laughed and joked about the coming nuptials of Blanche Gray and David Moses as though they were personally interested in both. All evening long the fragile bride sat in a dais chair receiving her many callers. She wore a light pink dress which matched the eyes of the Circassian girl who sat at her side, and afterward acted as bridesmaid. Her two eyes, which were almost concealed by mountains of flesh, twinkled in merriment, and a gay colored fan failed to conceal her many dimpled chin when she smiled. A number

of bouquets adorned the platform, and the bride's head rolled about like a pumpkin as she smiled them. All the preferred guests at the wedding were especially admired, and it was noted by people interested in the fashions that it was the first time he had ever worn it. He was neatly attired in African buffalo skins, and a dozen strings of chain shells, had blue and red stripes across his forehead, and down his nose, and looked like a chromo. The Circassian girl had her head of hair, which is about the size of a currant bush, done up in the pompadour fashion which made it look much higher than it was. The various curiosities changed their museum apparel for more gorgeous attire. The leopard and boy changed his spots. The anaconda had on a new skin.

At 9:30 o'clock the preliminary shocks of a supposed earthquake were followed by the announcement that the fat girl was coming. The stairs began to vibrate, and a moment later a girl who was concealed from observation by her flesh and was four and a half times as thick as the woman, came into view. At her right arm was a modest and inconspicuous youth, who might weigh anywhere from eighty-five to ninety-seven pounds. His face was beardless. He was said to be twenty-one, and did not look older than eighteen. Six policemen, stationed in a line down the hall, cleared a wide swath through the spectators. The bride party took up their grand march to the altar. As the bride party passed over the room, the floor sank, and away into the cellar. The fat girl, who was the bride, and the emaciated Circassian slave came next to them, followed by the living skeleton and the Zulu Princess, the spider man, the man-fish, the man who never stops an umbrella, the woman who never wears a new bonnet and all the other curiosities, closing with the wild New Zealander from Thompson street, made up the bride train. The marriage ceremony was performed on the stage by a minister. Two baskets of flowers were presented to the bride from the "Witch of Wall street," the owner of the museum, Messrs. Morris & Hickman, gave her \$200 as a bridal present, and the museum's employees presented her with a gold watch and chain. A bridal supper was given on an upper floor of the museum, and in the dance that followed the bride walked like a fairy.

A Literary Man Went West.

The limestone water of Ohio disordered his bowels and laid him on a bed of sickness with horrible cramps. For three days and nights he was wretched. Then he knew why didn't he get the BROWN'S COTTON GN.

Dr. J. H. Hill says: "Brown's Cotton Gn. sent for it and experienced such prompt and thorough relief that he said he was a fool for not getting it at first."

I predicted that Grand bank storm some time ago—Wiggins.

FRONT ROYAL, VA.—Dr. G. H. Hill says: "Brown's Iron Bitters seems to give general satisfaction. I recommend it strongly."

A high-toned affair—The dinner bell at a mountain hotel.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing and always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quiet sleep; it cures the fretful, fussy, and irritable child; it cures the child who is teething, and it cures the child who is suffering from the effects of teething.

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Franklin & Ray vs. M. P. Brown & Herman R. Ch. Bill to foreclose mechanics lien filed in Fulton Superior Court August 29th, 1883.

APPEARING TO THE COURT BY THE DEFENDANT, J. H. HILL, Esq., of the County of Fulton, Georgia, do hereby certify that the above named M. P. Brown, does not reside in the County of Fulton, Georgia, and that the said M. P. Brown does not appear in the state of Georgia, and that the said M. P. Brown is hereby commanded and enjoined to be and appear at the next term of the superior court of Fulton county, Georgia, to be held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in September, 1883, to then and there answer all matters and defenses as may be urged against him in the above stated cause, and to stand and abide the further order and decree then and there made in the premises. It is therefore ordered that the above notice be published once a month for four months before the first Monday in October next, why said administrator should not be discharged from said administration.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 13 pills, will find a change in the blood. For curing Female Complaints, these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular. L. & J. HILL, 100 N. G. ST., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. A. English Tricentenary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that this liniment is the best for the cure of Diphtheria, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other diseases of the throat. It is sold by all druggists. Send for circular. L. & J. HILL, 100 N. G. ST., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE LENS LAY

FOR SALE BY LAMAR, RANKIN & LAMAR, AGENTS FOR GEORGIA, ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.

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THE IMPROVED BROWN'S COTTON GN.

FEEDER & CONDENSER.

FULLY GUARANTEED! Strong, Simple, Durable, not Complicated, easily managed, light running with steady motion. LOW PRICES.

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